

JESUS CHRIST, NOT NOBODY



Alba Pratalia

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By Alba Pratalia

Mike was an aging man, somewhere after forty, but with a head stubbornly stuck in its cocky twenties. His joints creaked, his gut had declared autonomy, and his hairline had started to write cryptic haikus of retreat—but his heart still throbbed with the delusion of youth, and his cock with the ambition of legend.

He'd discovered, slowly and then all at once, the derailment of friendships. Not the big betrayals—those were cinematic and rare—but the long, drawn-out evaporations: unanswered messages, plans postponed to death, and the kind of ghosting that doesn't require dying first.

Now he drank Carménère—good Carménère—and listened to Duke Ellington in the dark. Alone. Always alone.

There used to be pleasure in the evening—wandering aimlessly through streets and taverns, soaked in wine and drifting melancholy. There was poetry in shouting with strangers, in drunk confessions to waitresses, in piss-stained urinals and heart-stained shirts. There was pleasure in being seen sad—visible, tragic, *interesting*.

Because shouting conceals a truth: you want someone to take your sadness seriously. The fact that you're down. Or bored. Or unsure whether you're horny or just existentially underfed.

But now the bars were still open in theory—just like your ex’s heart. But the bar-going had died. Morality had snuck in and shut the back door. The kind of morality that calls passion a public health hazard and demands orgasms be licensed.

"How lovely it is," they said, "to return to normality." To fall back in with the tired white sheep. The fleece-wearing bores. The oat-milk drinkers. The brunch-reservation types.

Mike raised his glass—not to toast, but to curse.
“Excuse me,” he muttered, spilling wine on his robe.
“I won’t join that flock.”
He sipped.
“I’ll die a black sheep.”

So Mike created a fake Tinder account. Not a catfish, not even a manfish—more like a bottlefish.

Profile picture? A bottle of Talisker, artfully sweating.
Second pic? A moody shot of a half-drunk glass of Carménère on the windowsill, backlit by the melancholy of late-stage capitalism.

Bio? Brutally honest:

“Here to find booze buddies. Aesthetically repugnant, so don’t bother. Any sexuality, who cares. Just drink with me. Let’s kill the night slowly.”

He expected silence. Or bots. Maybe a Jehovah's Witness trying to save him through detox.

But then it happened: **matches.**

With women. With men. With women who liked women and men who liked drama.

And they had *intentions*.

They met at bars.

Mike, hopeful, saw the rebirth of bar crawls—those long-lost rituals of inebriated philosophy and communal decay.

But his companions had other ideas.

They dressed too well. Smelled too good. Leaned in too close. Their eyes weren't bloodshot from grief—they were twinkling from expectation.

Scene One:

Mike, lifting a dusty single malt with reverence:

“So, shall it be scotch? A smoky one for the soul—Madam? Madam? Madam, my eyes are up here. I mean, unless you're an optometrist with a breast fetish.”

Scene Two:

A young man in a cardigan, sliding into the booth with two glasses:

“Dude, I'll get the next bottle.”

“No, no, I insist—no need to pat my knee. Or my thigh. Or squeeze it. Sir? Excuse me, sir, what are you—oh. Oh no. That’s a bold maneuver.”

Mike had accidentally created a profile so honest, so miserable, so drenched in the tears of forgotten nights—it became erotic.

To them, he wasn’t just tragic.
He was *raw*.

To him, it was just the beginning of the crawl.
To them, it was *foreplay*.

A WEEK LATER

He recovered his breath like an apnea diver surfacing from Mariana Trench-level cunnilingus. His beard was a war zone. His fingers looked like they’d done unspeakable plumbing. The sheets—once pristine—now resembled a Jackson Pollock done in holy water and despair.

The woman who’d invited him for a glass of Macallan 34-year now lay diagonally across the undone bed, one leg twitching like a dying jazz note, the other draped over a bottle of Islay. Her mascara had left the building. Her dignity had packed its bags and caught the last train to Glasgow.

Mike, panting, shirt half-buttoned in a way that betrayed multiple panics and one elbow cramp, sat at the edge of the mattress, sipping the Macallan like communion.

He muttered with ragged irony:
“Madam, I’m not young as the Macallan anymore.”

She didn’t even open her eyes. She just reached behind her, groped for the glass, missed it, then gave up.

“Dude,” she said, voice gravelly with afterglow,
“Shut up, drink my whisky, and recharge your batteries.”

He nodded solemnly.
Batteries.
Yes. AA. AAA. Defibrillator. Whatever it took.

The night was young.
He wasn't.
But his tongue had seen combat—and won.

As always, his problem was his unavoidable heterosexuality.
A cruel twist of biology. Like lactose intolerance in Italy. Or being allergic to cats but owning five.

His “experimenting” phase—if you could call it that—consisted mostly of trying to imagine himself with a man every few months between the ages of thirteen

and eighteen. A bit like running diagnostics on a software that just wouldn't install. He gave it sincere effort. Eyes closed, brain focused, nothing stirred but guilt and mild hunger.

Reaction every time:

"Ah, if only I liked it. It would be such fun. So much efficiency. So much availability. So little emotional bureaucracy. But no. Alas."

So, with regret—but also relief—he had to politely turn down a series of very flattering invitations.

Invitations that included:

- An absinthe tasting that clearly wasn't about the anise.
- A backgammon night hosted by a couple with suspiciously soft hands.
- And one particularly compelling message:
"U bring the scotch, I bring the leash 🐶"

Mike adjusted his Tinder settings, narrowing the field.

He sighed as he tapped *"interested in: women."*
It felt so... final. So monotheistic.

"Goddamn it," he whispered to his whisky. "This would be so much easier if I were gay."

The whisky said nothing. But it agreed.

The age setting had to be tuned too.

He thought he was being generous—adventurous, even—when he swiped right on a **30-year-old**. A self-declared "wine witch" with dimples like traps and eyes that meant cardio.

They met. They drank. They laughed.

They had sex.

And then—she kept going.

Mike had just ejaculated with the grace of an old soldier discharging one last round into the void, whispering "*For glory.*"

He collapsed, chest heaving, heart doing math.

And she?

She was already stroking him. *Firmly.*

With the kind of optimism usually reserved for investment bankers and golden retrievers.

"Ready for round two?" she said, licking her lips like a carnivore with a gym membership.

Mike, stunned, blinked at the ceiling like it held divine answers.

"Madam," he rasped, "I just came. The factory's closed. The workers have gone home. The foreman's drunk and the union's on strike."

She giggled.

“Oh come on, you’re in your prime.”

It was only later—*later*—while idly swiping Tinder with sore testicles and a bottle of Voltaren between his thighs, that he saw her listed in someone’s comments as a “total MILF.”

He stared at the screen.

“MILF?” he muttered. “*MILF?! Thirty?! What are we now, a species of fruit flies?*”

He poured himself another whisky.

“Lady,” he toasted, “bless your heart. But... biology.”

He realized, with the sobriety only a post-nut whisky can bring, that **he had to tune the age gap from both ends.**

Too young? He risked cardiac arrest and the embarrassment of using “maybe tomorrow” as a sexual escape clause.

Too old? Well...

He remembered Cary Grant in *Operation Petticoat*, delivering that immortal line:

**"When a girl is under 21, she's protected by law.
When she's over 65, she's protected by nature.
Anywhere between, it's fair game."**

It sounded suave when Grant said it.
Mike tried quoting it once and got accused of being “a relic in heat.”

Still, curiosity—and a strong cocktail—led him to swipe right on a **68-year-old** named Dolores. She had silver hair, fiery lipstick, and a profile bio that said “*I knit, but I don’t quit.*”

He arrived at the bar limping with his cane. She got there before him, already sipping a Negroni, not a wrinkle in sight except the ones she *owned*.

She looked him up and down.
“Why the cane?”

He sighed.
“Sciatica. Also broke my knee fifteen years ago. And, uh... mileage.”

She let out a throaty chuckle and leaned in, perfume thick with forbidden memoirs.
“Oh, but you’re a *baby*. Come to mama.”

He adjusted his posture, unsuccessfully.
“Do you... like old movies?”

She squinted. “You mean, like... Tarantino?”

He blinked.

“Cary Grant? Submarines? Pink torpedoes?

Operation Petticoat?”

She tilted her head.

“Sweetie, I don’t watch war films. Too loud. Hurts my ears.”

He drank. Hard.

Somewhere, Cary Grant sipped a martini in heaven and looked away in shame.

When he was mutually discovering sex with his first girlfriend—his first real one, the kind you sweat on purpose with—they explored everything like kids in a forbidden museum.

He had shown her, with the reverence of a priest and the desperation of a teenage boy, the *pleasure* of licking the **base of the frenulum**. That little magic bridge under the head. The holy hinge of male ecstasy.

She learned quickly. Curious, daring. One day she even slipped her tongue—lightly—**into the urethra**.

He nearly levitated.

Spoke in Morse code.

Invented jazz scat mid-moan.

But then came the awkward silence.
Nothing happened.

Still hard. Still there. Still no fireworks.

That's when the real lesson began.

"Listen," he said, gently, kindly, full of hormonal gravity,

"That stuff? Incredible. Delicious. 10/10. But..."

He paused. Took her hand.

"To make a man cum, you need—**need**—to **pump**."

Up and down.

Firm. Repetitive. Rhythmic.

Be it hand or mouth or whatever tool you have in your moral toolbox.

Because a cock isn't a wind chime.

It's **engineered**—like a piston, a plunger, a divine jack-in-the-box—to **cum from fucking**.

That's the design. That's the code.

You don't stroke once and wait for applause.

You **hammer**.

You **grind**.

You **repeat**.

Because orgasm isn't art.

It's **physics**.

He tapped her nose.

“Do the math.”

And she did.

With honors.

Now *try* explaining that to **adult women**.

Women in their 30s, 40s.

Successful. Confident. CEOs of their own bodies.

They’ve read the books, done the workshops, tried yoni eggs, attended retreats called “*Womb Whisperers Unite.*”

They are **sex goddesses**—and they should be.

They are **beautiful, radiant, undeniably divine**.

But.

Their actual sexual *prowess*?

Mike learned the hard way—usually with his half-hard cock awkwardly trapped in someone’s palm like a forgotten churro—that beauty and performance are not twins.

They *think* they’re killing it.

They whisper, they swirl, they flutter their tongues like auditioning for Cirque du Soleil.

They tickle the tip. Circle the crown. Kiss the shaft like it’s their ex’s ashes.

But they forget the *one thing* that brings the house down.

The one, basic, glorious mechanic:

Up. And. Down.

Not gentle brushing. Not exploratory jazz.

Pump it.

Because a penis doesn't care about your affirmations.

It doesn't need eye contact.

It's not waiting for your inner goddess to align with Mercury's orbital chakra.

It's a **machine** that wants the same thing over and over until it explodes like a dying star.

He tried to explain this once.

She was an architect. Owned her own firm.

She paused mid-blowjob to say:

"I'm trying to *connect* with you. This is spiritual."

He gasped, stared at the ceiling, and muttered,

"Sweetheart... I'm trying to **ejaculate**."

The room went quiet.

Her pride went stiff.

His cock didn't.

So *him*—Mike.

A sex genius.

Not in the pretentious, Kama Sutra-quoting, tantric-breathing, Sting's-disciples sort of way.

But in the humble, **came-with-references** sort of way.

Did he claim to be great?

No. Never.

He *demurred*.

He said things like:

"I've had a few compliments."

Or:

"Well, you know, I listen."

But oh, *the reviews*.

One ex wrote him a thank-you letter three years later.

Another tried to name her dog after him.

A third once muttered post-orgasm, "I think I just found God. And he's left-handed."

But here's the thing: Mike was **too polite** to ever criticize.

Too old-school. Too gallant. Too unwilling to destroy a goddess's illusion.

So when a woman, after ten minutes of clumsy, inconsistent handwork, licking like a confused kitten

lost in a yogurt cup, looked up and whispered,
“Are you close?”

He smiled.
Touched her cheek.
And said softly,
“Don’t worry about me. Let’s just keep making *you*
cum.”

Which *some* took as selflessness.
But many took as a **challenge**.

They leaned in with fire and said,
“No. You too.”
And resumed.

And he lay there, praying for rhythm. For pattern. For
basic Newtonian motion.

But instead got chaos.
A jazz solo. A DJ scratching vinyl with their elbows.
A tempo so irregular even his balls got confused.

Still, he smiled.
Still, he waited.
Still, he considered faking it—until he remembered
he was sober and couldn’t.

Because Mike wasn’t just a genius.
He was a gentleman.
A tragic, throbbing, too-well-mannered legend.

For a while, he **quit it**.

The bar dates.

The hopeful matches.

The misinterpreted drinks where his craving for camaraderie was mistaken for cock hunger.

He **stayed home**.

Drank his Carménère.

Masturbated when he could—not out of lust, but as maintenance. Like running the engine of a classic car every few weeks to make sure it still coughs.

Erections?

Rare. Fleeting.

A faint memory of a trick the body used to play without being asked.

Now they appeared like confused tourists—lost, unannounced, and usually at the wrong moment.

He drained them into the toilet.

Not out of pleasure.

But as **routine**.

A medical discharge.

Like emptying the sump pump.

Because for him—it was **never** about sex.

The thing he missed, the thing Tinder never delivered, wasn't an orgasm.

It was **company**.

Someone to split a bottle with.

To spiral with.

To discuss politics, rant about housing, tear through philosophical contradictions until the bottle was empty and the ashtray full.

Someone to say, "Wait—how do you define freedom?"

And mean it.

He didn't need a blowjob.

He needed a conversation.

He could fuck his hand.

He couldn't get his cat to debate Kierkegaard.

That was the ache.

Not in his loins.

In his **mind**.

And so he sat in his dim kitchen.

Drinking alone.

Listening to Ellington.

And whispering comebacks to arguments no one had made.

Are we all stupid at 20?

Of course. By default.

You're supposed to be. Your brain is still downloading ethics and furniture preferences. You quote

Nietzsche because it sounds dangerous and you think Camus is a brand of cigarettes.

But *now*—
Everyone is stupid at 40.
And 50.
And **60**.

Also by default.
But **how?**

These people are *your age*.
They're supposed to share your frame of reference.
They're supposed to know that Tony Bennett was a **national treasure**, not a brand of frozen lasagna.
They're supposed to remember when music involved *chords* and not just distorted sub-bass and men whispering about lean.

And yet—

You go on a date with a woman twenty years your elder, thinking:
“Ah. Finally. Culture. Elegance. Shared trauma.”

And she says:
“I love trap.”

You blink.
Trap? What kind of trap?
Bear trap? Mouse trap? Existential trap?

No.

She means **music**.

She plays it on her phone.

You hear what sounds like an AI suffering a panic attack over a beat.

You ask: "Do you like Tony Bennett?"

She squints.

"Who's that? A jazz guy?"

You want to say,

"No. A **goddamn monument**. A man who could sing heartbreak into a stone."

But what comes out is just a sigh.

A sip.

And a quiet, internal scream.

Because the inversion has happened.

The olds are now young.

And the young are already lost.

You thought age would bring wisdom.

Instead, it brought **Spotify playlists called 'Turnt on a Tuesday.'**

And women who twerk in orthopedic sneakers.

Would you turn down a blowjob from a 58-year-old who says she loves Playboi Carti?

Of course not.
Not if you're sane.
Not if you're straight.
Not if you're alive.

Because no heterosexual man in sound mind ever
says *no* to a blowjob.
It's not virtue. It's biology.
It's gravity.
It's taxes.
You don't argue with it.

And those who *know*—really *know*—don't even say
no when it's offered by a man.
Because who understands the **cock** like someone
who owns one?
It's not gay. It's just *correct*.
It's logistics.

But—

If she doesn't know the **Pump Rule**?

If she treats the penis like a Rubik's cube in the dark,
twisting randomly and expecting satisfaction?
If her mouth goes rogue, licking sideways, pausing for
interpretive humming?

Then what do you do?

Simple.

You **go down on her**.

Not out of chivalry. Not out of obligation.
But because it's **a salvage mission**.

You kiss, lick, grind, plunge.
You find her rhythm. Her music. Her *tempo*.
Because *you* understand pleasure.
Because *you* have principles.

You eat her out like it's the last meal on death row
and she's the chef.
Because if there's going to be *any* orgasm in this
room, **by god**, it'll be hers.

You leave her shaking, giggling, praying.

And when she finally recovers, eyes glazed, she says:
"Wow. Your turn?"

You smile.
Shake your head.
And whisper:

"Let's not ruin it."

Then one day, the **porn company** came through
town.

Not a big production—just a casting tour. Low profile.
High heels.

They were scouting talent, testing lighting, shooting softcore trailers, and looking for extras who could keep it up and keep it together.

Mike's Tinder—normally a dumpster fire of wine moms and emotional support baristas—suddenly **exploded**.

Matches.

Matches.

And not just "likes walks and rosé" types.

These were women with stage names and stamina.

Actresses. Performers. Professionals.

And what's more—**they were curious**.

"Retired sex god with manners and a working tongue?

Let's test the myth."

And it was—

BOOM.

Magic.

Because Mike?

Mike was a man who **dedicated himself to making women cum**, with missionary zeal and heretical patience.

A man who knew the body like a language and never interrupted mid-sentence.

And *they*?

They were pros.

They knew the rhythm.
They *respected* the pump.
They understood velocity, torque, angles, goddamn
Newton's Third Law.

No awkward jazz solos.
No kitten-licking experiments.
Just raw, informed, athletic sensuality.

Teamwork.
Real teamwork.
No egos. Just orgasms.

Mike found his **Eldorado**.

Not just the sex.
The **harmony**.
Like being a jazz musician who finally joined a band
that *knew the changes*.

They moaned on cue. He answered.
They flipped. He adapted.
They squirted. He took it like a baptism.

When the cameras stopped, they whispered:
"You should really do this professionally."

He laughed.
"No thanks," he said. "I'm in it for the *art*"

When the porn company left town, they expected a quiet departure.

A few farewell shots. Maybe a wrap party.

Instead, they got **a union picket line.**

Placards, chants, banners with anatomically explicit slogans:

“NO MIKE, NO MISSIONARY!”

“ORGASMS ARE A TEAM SPORT—WE DEMAND OUR MVP!”

“HE PUMPS, HE LISTENS, HE STAYS!”

Because the actresses—the pros, the legends, the tight-lipped dominatrixes and moaning sweethearts alike—had reached a unanimous conclusion:

Mike is coming with us. Or you're not coming at all.

Literally.

It was a full-blown uprising.

Mike, of course, had no idea.

He'd spent the night with the Not-Twin Sisters—so called because they looked nothing alike, but tag-teamed like synchronized swimmers with a taste for pain and vintage jazz.

He was asleep.

Naked. Half-covered in a robe.

Dreaming of scrambled eggs and not moving for 72 hours.

And that's when they yanked him out of bed.

"Get up," said one, already dressed in combat boots and nipple tassels.

"You're coming along," said the other, loading lube into a duffel bag like ammunition.

Mike blinked.

Sat up slowly.

His spine made a noise usually reserved for haunted doors.

He looked at them, looked at the sunlight, looked at his semi.

And said the only thing that made sense:

"Who am I to say no?"

During the drive, while the girls were in the back **jubilating their hearts out**—playing loud trap, moaning about lighting setups, debating butt plug diameters with a joy usually reserved for lottery winners—Mike found his spot up front.

Shotgun.

Leg out. Cigarette lit. Eyes on the horizon.

Next to him: **Vic**, the van driver.

A man shaped like a retired wrestler, wearing wraparound shades and a lower back brace that groaned louder than the muffler.

They didn't talk much. At first.

But during driving breaks, when the girls poured out for selfies and stretches, **Mike and Vic** would stand near the front bumper, smoking like trench survivors.

They'd finish each other's sentences with the natural timing of two men who've seen too much friction and not enough physiotherapy.

"You know that pain that—" Mike started.

"—shoots down the thigh," said Vic.

"Exactly."

"And then it creeps back up the spine like guilt after anal?"

Mike exhaled. "*I know!*"

They nodded.

Silence.

Drag.

Exhale.

Vic scratched his gut. "Used to be able to do five girls a night. Now I need a heat pack after one fart."

Mike chuckled. “My hip clicks when I sneeze. That count?”

Vic nodded, solemn. “You’re one of us.”

In the background, someone screamed **“Double penetration wrap party!”**

Neither flinched.

They just smoked.

And existed.

Together.

On the fragile edge of endurance and memory foam.

From the back of the van came the war cry:

“Miiiiiiike! We’re all wet!”

Mike winced slightly. Not out of fear—out of **fatigue**.

His spine pinged like a cracked antenna.

His dick gave a courtesy twitch, then rolled over and played dead.

Vic, still smoking, didn’t even look back.

Just muttered, like a prophet cursed to drive the horny:

“Good luck, champ.”

Mike blinked. “What?”

Vic turned to him slowly, the ghost of ten thousand orgasms in his eyes.

“Next life? Don’t show you’re any good. Keep it average. Below average, even. Saves your soul.”

Mike tried to laugh. It came out dry.

“I mean, I’m aging,” he said. “But I don’t mind. I love giving them pleasure.”

Vic snorted.

“You’ve been with us one week.”

He took a final drag. Flicked the butt into the dust like a prayer.

“Now imagine that **52 weeks a year**. Non-stop. Day in, day out. Multiple women. All *insatiable*. All with ring lights and coconut oil. All calling your name with glitter on their nipples and **expectations in their eyes.**”

Mike stared ahead.

A silent existential crisis unfolded behind his pupils.

He whispered:

“...oh fuck.”

Vic clapped him on the back.

“Yep.”

Stepped back into the van.
Paused. Turned.

“And that’s *you* fucking.”

One week later.

Mike was **ejaculating** into someone’s mouth.

Whose?

No idea.

Could’ve been Anastasia, could’ve been the grip girl from set.

Could’ve been Dolores from accounting—she was surprisingly limber.

At the same time, **a woman was sitting on his face.**

Also nameless, faceless, scent of coconut and glory.
She rode him like a throne, moaning something that sounded vaguely like gratitude in three languages.

Mike?

Mike was dreaming of Coltrane.

Specifically *A Love Supreme*.

That intro—“*Acknowledgment*”—playing in his mind like a meditation.

The slow, spiritual build.

The recognition of something divine.

But not divinity.
Just **the need to rest.**

Then:
A new voice.
Eager. Relentless.

“My turn! My turn!”

Another girl. Another rotation. Another **face to sit on.**
Mike tried to speak, to explain that even jazz
musicians take breaks between solos.

Instead, his mouth opened and the current rider just
pressed harder.
Bass drop.
No oxygen.
Only thighs.
And jazz.

His body moved on instinct.
His brain had left the building.

He was **a sex Roomba**, blindly navigating toward
moisture.
And still—*still*—somewhere deep inside, a thought
drifted:

“Is this... burnout?”

He couldn't help it.

He was **fixed**, hardwired, doomed by design.
He **loved** making women cum.
Not for ego.
Not for reputation.
But because seeing a woman lose control—
twitching, shaking, whispering “what the fuck was
that?” into the ceiling—was, for Mike, like **breathing**.

He needed it.
Like **air**.
Like **motion**.
Like those long slow sax solos that make you cry and
cum at the same time.

So he kept going.

Mouth, hands, tongue, cock—whatever was still
functional, he used it.
He *rested* only when they collapsed.
He *smiled* when they sobbed with joy.
He *rebooted* when they squirted across state lines.

But his problem?

Gratitude.

They were so grateful.
Too grateful.
Like he'd donated a kidney and a poem.

After a mind-numbing session of licking and fingering that turned a woman named Velvet into a weeping bowl of post-orgasmic pudding, she whispered:

“Now *you*... let me take care of you.”

He tried to protest, gently:

“No, no, really. That was more than enough. Thank **you.**”

And that’s when she called **for backup.**

Suddenly, three more women piled into the scene.

Hands, mouths, toys—one with lube in her holster like a Western sheriff.

They formed a **grateful mob.**

“*He has to cum!*” one cried.

“It’s justice!” said another.

“This man is a national treasure!” someone shouted from the hallway.

Mike tried to crawl away.

They pulled him back like it was the climax of *Gladiator*.

“I’m fine!” he gasped. “Emotionally fulfilled! Please—think of my prostate!”

But no.

They were militant.

Radical.

Orgasmic socialists redistributing pleasure.

And Mike?
He *came*.
Twice.
Accidentally bit someone's tit in the process.

As the room finally calmed and the moaning slowed to jazz tempo, he whispered:

“...I just wanted to make you cum.”

Someone stroked his hair.
“You did. You *always* do. Now shut up and take your gratitude like a man.”

A WEEK LATER

Mike

“Madam, really, the finger up the ass is not necess—
...Madam?
...Madam, I said—
...Madam, *really* don't—
...Madam, they say this is sexual abuse—”

He gasped. Froze.
One leg kicked involuntarily.
She smiled, predatorially.

“What do you mean it only works the other way around?” he blurted, panicking politely.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart,” she whispered, gloved and glowing.

“You made me cum seven times. This is just... **reciprocity.**”

He whimpered.

Tried to roll away.

She pinned him like a wrestling coach with a degree in pelvic vengeance.

“Madam... may I just... *make you cum* again instead?”

He smiled hopefully, trying to redirect the mission.

She shook her head.

“You’ve made me cum plenty. Now it’s your turn to experience **full-spectrum intimacy.**”

“But—madam—I do understand **prostatic pressure**,” he said, with the breathless panic of a man who once read a pamphlet and regretted it instantly.

“I just think... please keep in mind... my dignity... my sphincter...”

But she had already crossed the Rubicon.
And Mike?

Mike saw God.

Then apologized to Him.

Then cried a little.

Then—unfortunately—came with the force of a jazz encore and a nosebleed.

Then... **She** came.

Not metaphorically.

Not yet.

But capital-S **She**.

The one.

Mike had already eaten her out—because that's how he **introduced himself**.

He didn't say "Hi," he said "Lie back."

And she did.

And she screamed.

And the minibar fridge shivered.

But now they were in **wild territory**.

The wilderness of *post-oral unknown*.

He was **pumping** her, steadily, properly, *just right*.

And then—

She turned her head, hair sticking to her cheek, eyes glazed over with celestial calculation and said:

"Don't get me pregnant... cum inside my ass."

And in one unholy, glorious motion—

She **diverted** his cock.

Guided it like an air-traffic controller from Heaven's
backdoor.

No lube?

No problem.

Mike reached blindly for salvation.

His hand found **hotel shampoo**.

It said "lavender and oat silk."

Close enough.

He **poured**, he **slathered**, he **aligned**.

And then?

He **fucked her ass** like jazz—

Unexpected, rhythmic, expressive, full of **soul** and
guts.

She moaned like a cathedral collapsing.

He held on like a man gripping a subway pole during
an earthquake.

The bed moved three feet south.

And when he finally **came**—

It was **inside her ass**,

as ordered,

as promised,

as *ordained*.

She collapsed forward, laughing.
Wheezing.
Victorious.

Mike lay behind her, covered in shampoo, sweat, and
awe.

He stared at the ceiling and whispered:

“...lavender.”

She passed her finger down his chest, slowly, like a
ritual.

Pausing, circling, teasing.

“I’m going to make you cum so—oh—so much,”
she whispered, her breath sticky with prophecy.

Mike blinked.

“Madam...”

“Shush.”

She pinched his nipple.

Ouch.

Sharp.

Specific.

Existential.

She leaned in, eyes glowing with lust and
unsanctioned authority.

“I *know* you like to make me cum.”

He nodded, dazed.
“And you *will*. Believe me.”
She grinned. “*Like, A LOT.*”

She grabbed his jaw.
“I want to *squirt on your face. Twice. Minimum.* Or we won’t be friends anymore.”

Mike swallowed.
He valued friendship.

She crawled over him like a cat with a vendetta.
“But *YOU...*” she growled, pressing her palm on his half-dead, half-rising cock, “*YOU will also cum.*”

He opened his mouth.
She covered it.
“*Like it or not.*”

She listed it like a sentence handed down from a court of unspeakable lust:

“I will **milk you.**
Suck you.
Whirlpool you.
I will **take out your kidney stones.**
Your cock will **hurt** from how much I’ll **whoop it.**”

Mike’s brain filed a formal complaint.
His cock overruled it.

He exhaled.
Wrecked.
Reverent.
And said the only thing possible:

“Yes ma’am.”

“Now cum to ma’am.”

Mike stiffened. Everywhere.

The shift was seismic.
Gone was the teasing velvet.
This was **executive-level ejaculation**.
A scheduled release. Authorized. Documented.
Backed by protocol.

She loomed over him, hair tied back like a dominatrix
CEO on quarterly review.

“Cum to ma’am.”

She said it like a final warning. Like a floor manager
about to close the store.

Mike’s body did not ask questions.
It **complied**.

His hips bucked.
His breath hitched.
His eyes rolled up like tax documents.

He came with **the fury of a delayed invoice**, a
bureaucratic vengeance only the truly repressed can
summon.

She didn't flinch.
She took it all like a professional.
Wiped the corner of her mouth with surgical
precision and said:

“Approved.”

It became war.

Not sex—**strategy**.
Verdun with moaning.
The Somme, but sticky.

Not a quick skirmish.
Not a back-alley bar brawl.
No—this was a **campaign**.

A chess match played with fingers and tongues,
cocks and clenched teeth.
A trench war of trembling thighs and whispered
commands.

Mike would **advance**.

Slide in. Stroke. Curl. Lick. Pump.

She'd explode.

Scream. Squirt. Shake like a piano falling down stairs.

But then—**counterattack**.

She'd climb on him like a predator with a battle plan,
determined not just to **make** him cum, but to **break**
him.

Milk him.

Strip his soul through the slit of his cock.

And if he fought back?

She only got **hungrier**.

The **stronger she came**, the **harder** she wanted him
to cum.

Like it was a competition.

Like they were keeping score with towels and IV
drips.

She squirted in volumes that rewrote fluid dynamics.
Puddles. Sprays.

The mattress turned into a sponge of sin.

And every drop said:

"Your turn, soldier."

Mike tried to explain—once, breathlessly, mid-thrust:
“Madam—biology—men need downtime—refractory
peri—”

“**Cum,**” she hissed.
“**NOW.**”

And somehow—*somehow*—he did.

Over and over.
Beyond reason.
Beyond hydration.

His balls became myth.
His prostate started unionizing.
But she wasn’t finished.

She came like a woman possessed.
He came like a man **defeated**.

And still they fought.

Back and forth.
Orgasm for orgasm.
Like two countries locked in infinite war, trading
bodies for territory, fluids for glory.

It was **vicious**.
It was **voracious**.
It was **sacred**.

And neither would ever surrender

“For the love of God, woman!”

Mike gasped, legs twitching, vision blurry, dick barely hanging onto consciousness like a boxer in the twelfth round.

“There’s only so much fluid a prostate can produce!”

He was dry.

Depleted.

Running on fumes and flashbacks.

His body had entered that sacred state of **post-cum delirium**, where orgasm becomes legend and every muscle is one moan away from retirement.

But she?

She wasn’t done.

She was glistening. Glorious. A **sex general** with thigh cramps and a mission.

And then—**somehow**—she produced a **bottle of Gatorade.**

Cold.

Condensation beading like the sweat on her collarbone.

“Then drink!” she barked.

“Drink!”

And before he could beg for mercy—
she waterboarded him.

He choked.
Swallowed.
Coughed it up.
Swallowed again.

“Flavors of... blue? Why is it always blue?!” he
gasped.

She straddled him like a caffeinated banshee.
“Hydrate. Regenerate. Ejaculate. That’s the cycle.”

He sputtered.
“This is torture.”

She smiled, devilishly.
“This is cardio.”

He took another gulp.
Because somewhere in the dripping haze of
dehydration and overstimulation...
he knew round *eleven* was coming.

And she’d *expect fireworks.*

A FEW LITERS OF BODILY FLUIDS LATER

They lay there.
Mike: limp, blinking, barely able to spell.

Her: fresh as a daisy that's been through a car wash with a Hitachi.

She rolled over, kissed his forehead like a soldier returning a helmet to the fallen, and said sweetly:

“I want you to meet my cousin.”

Mike blinked once.
Twice.

“What?”

He croaked like a man whose entire lymphatic system had been rerouted through his dick.

“Ma’am... I can’t possibly. One of you is more than enough. I really—”

She giggled.

“No, silly. It’s just to *know* her.”

Mike narrowed his eyes. Suspicious.

“You mean... no fuckity-fuck?”

“No.”

“No lickity-lick?”

“No!”

“No squirty-squirt?”

“I said no!”

He stared.

Processed.

Evaluated the risk of social interaction without sexual annihilation.

Then nodded. Slowly.

“Okay...”

He sat up with a wince.

“But I’m bringing the Gatorade.”

They set the meeting at a **bar**.

Neutral ground.

Daylight.

Public.

Safe.

Mike wore pants.

She wore afterglow.

She leaned in across the table, swirling her Negroni like a plot twist.

“She’s heard so much about you,” she said with a grin.

Mike, naive, hopeful, still walking with a gentle wobble, smiled nervously.

“I hope something nice.”

She patted his crotch like it was a favored pet.

“Oh, very... *VERY*... very nice, dear.”

And then—

The cousin appeared in the door.

Time slowed.

Jazz stopped.

Mike turned.

Looked.

Froze.

It was her.

His secretary.

The woman who knew his calendar.

His passwords.

His lunch order.

Who once helped him install a printer and somehow made it sensual.

Mike **stood up**, pointing like a man seeing the ghost of orgasms past.

“YOU!”

She **pointed back**, eyes wide with horrified realization.

“So it was YOU!”

Silence.

Then, almost in unison:

“Oh fuck.”

Secretary: *(eyes wide, gesturing with both hands the size of a medium artillery shell)*

“So it was you with the...?”

Her: *(sipping her drink, eyes sparkling, lips already curling into trouble)*

“OH YESssssss.”

Mike blinked. Turned red. Took a long, slow sip of his drink like it could drown the moment.

Him:

“It’s not that big.”

Both women turned to him with matching smirks.

Secretary:

“So... it was real.”

She looked away for a moment. Processing.
Memories assembling like a detective corkboard.
The late-night office tension.
The slight limp on Wednesdays.
The half-finished emails.
The distant gaze when he said “I’m going home to rest.”

Real.

Her cousin just giggled.
“*Told you so.* He’s like a jazz solo with a heartbeat and a piston.”

Mike buried his face in his hands.

“Can I please just pay for the drinks and go home?”

Both:

“No.”

Mike:

“No, no, no! I’m the godfather to her daughter!”

Secretary:

“No, no, no! I need this job! I just got promoted to *trusted calendar access!*”

Her:

(sipping calmly, not a care in the world, the very

image of chaos in heels)

“Guys, I’m just putting you on. Relax.”

Mike and Secretary:

“RELAAAAAX??”

They said it in unison—panicked, high-pitched, shrill like two people clinging to the edge of a pornographic volcano with their reputations tied around their necks.

Mike knocked over his drink.

The secretary clutched her purse like it was a parachute.

Both stared at her.

Her:

“Come on. What, you think I was gonna say ‘let’s all go upstairs and see how deep the godfather goes’?”

They went silent.

Too silent.

The air **thickened**.

She raised an eyebrow.

“...You’re thinking about it now, aren’t you?”

Mike:

“...I—no—maybe—please stop—”

Secretary:

“...I’m just trying to imagine the tax consequences.”

Her:

“Relax.”

They both blinked at her again.

Her:

“I said *relax*. I’m not a pervert. I’m just generous.”

Pause.

Mike:

“...With your cousin?”

Her:

“I only reunited you two here to hit a swing club.”

Mike:

“Hit a... oh.”

(pauses)

“Okay. I really thought worse.”

Her:

“Told ya.”

(grinning like the devil on vacation)

Cousin/Secretary:

(hands up defensively, voice pitching up like a PowerPoint presentation spiraling into chaos)

“No, no, no—there are work boundaries. And I’m a married woman. And a mother of *three!* And I drive a minivan!”

Her:

(coolly, without blinking)

“I’m buying.”

Cousin/Secretary:

(blinks. pauses. adjusts blouse. sighs in defeat)

“...Well, who am I to say no?”

Mike blinked.

He hadn’t moved.

His drink was empty.

His morals were melting.

His cock was rising again, but more from muscle memory than intent.

He cleared his throat.

“Do they have Gatorade there?”

Her:

“Unlimited.”

AN HOUR LATER.

Inside the swing club.

Red lights. Soft jazz. Moans at medium volume.
Silhouettes moving like ghosts with lube.
Mike was trying not to look overwhelmed.
The cousin was trying not to look at anything directly.
The hostess—still glowing with sin—was sipping
champagne and *thriving*.

Cousin:

(muttering, eyes wide, hand occupied)

**“I’m a married woman. I shouldn’t be handling
another man’s dick.”**

Her:

(nodding sagely)

“You really shouldn’t.”

Mike:

*(watching from an angle not recommended by
chiropractors)*

“Not *upside down*.”

Cousin:

*(looks at her own hand, realizes it’s very much
attached to a stranger’s penis. Gasps. Lets go.)*

“Oh! Sorry!”

Man’s voice from behind her thighs:

“That’s what I’ve been *trying* to tell you, lady!”

Everyone pauses.

Then a groan.

Then someone asks if they do karaoke on Thursdays.

Her:

(pointing at her left nipple, firm and unapologetic)

“Suck here.”

Mike:

(already halfway there)

“Yes ma’am.”

Her:

(points at the right nipple)

“You here.”

Cousin/Secretary:

(clutching pearls that are long gone)

“I will not do a thing of the sort!”

Her:

(pouting with theatrical desperation)

“Oh come on. I’m horny.”

Cousin:

“Your mother and mine are sisters!”

Mike:

(mouth briefly free, genuinely curious)

“Can I meet either?”

Both:
“NO!”

A few minutes later.

Limbs tangled. Rhythm chaotic. Air thick with sweat, guilt, and coconut-flavored regret.

Mike:
(voice cracking, eyes rolling)
“I’m cumming—”

Her:
(cooing with glee, like a perverse cheerleader)
“Come on honey, do cum for me!”

Cousin:
(mouth full, clearly participating despite ten minutes ago swearing upon her minivan and PTA membership)
“Ghgghrrrlghhh.”

Mike:
(suddenly alarmed)
“Wait. In whose mouth did I...?”

Cousin:
(mouth still occupied, trying to answer)
“Ghhjjjhrrr.”

Her:

(clapping like a mad empress)

“I *knew* I’d make you two do it!”

Mike slowly turned his head, looked at the cousin—
eyes wide, mouth... not empty.

And whispered, broken, lost, and spiritually
concussed:

“I held your daughter at her baptism.”

The cousin pulled back, cum on her chin and horror
in her eyes.

Cousin:

“...I need to go pray.”

Her:

“Too late!”

Next beat: silence.

Then someone moans again.

Then they all pretend they didn’t hear it.

Then someone reaches for the Gatorade and drinks it
like communion.

Cousin’s Husband:

*(bursting into the swing club like a man with receipts
and zero shame)*

“A-ha! So I was right to sleep with the babysitter!”

Cousin:

(mouth still half-drying from earlier regrets)

“You did *WHAT?*”

Mike:

(raising a cautious hand from the wrinkled pile of threesomes)

“Not my business, really, but just out of *sheer scientific curiosity*... how did you know *in advance?*”

Husband:

(pointing dramatically, zero logic in sight)

“Shut up! I *knew!* My soul *felt it!*”

Mike:

(nodding, deeply unconvinced)

“Sure, sure. *Psychic adultery. Happens to the best of us.*”

And then—

Enter: the kids.

Two preteens and a six-year-old with juice boxes, blinking at the sea of thongs, strap-ons, and one guy dressed like a pirate with nipple clamps.

Kids:

“Mama! We *trusted you!*”

Cousin:

(face buried in hands)

“Oh, did you bring the kids into this too, now?”

Kids:

“We wanna stay at Nana’s house! The one by the beach! With the big pool!”

Mike:

(confused, whispering to Her)

“Wait... wasn’t she the babysitter?”

Her:

(sipping calmly, eyes locked on the cousin)

“Shhh... not the moment.”

The rest of the **swing party**, once howling with moans and soft jazz, had now collectively **taken three polite steps backward**, clutching robes, latex, and cocktails.

Cousin:

(arms outstretched, mascara threatening to flee)

**“Don’t you dare! If the kids have to see it—
EVERYONE has to see it!”**

A hush.

An awkward shuffle.

Someone dropped a dildo like a mic.

The swing party, with all the grace of a human centipede in reverse, **uncomfortably walks back** into the emotional blast zone.

Her:

(still calm, still sinfully composed, still sipping prosecco)

“Now, now, no need to make a scene.”

Cousin:

(screeching and pointing like Lady Macbeth with a cum towel)

**“HE is walking away with the babysitter *right now!*
Look! They have LUGGAGE!”**

Everyone turned.

Sure enough—

There was the **husband**.

There was the **babysitter**.

Dragging *matching* roller bags.

Wheeling toward the door like a couple boarding a flight to Guilt Island.

Husband and Babysitter:

(in perfect unison, unapologetic)

“We packed before.”

Babysitter:

(brightly, with the casual air of offering mints)

“Should I just blow Mike to ease the tension?”

Cousin:

“WHAT THE FUCK?!”

Cousin’s Husband:

(equally offended but also weirdly intrigued)

“Yeah, WTF?!”

Her:

(smiling smugly like a madame watching the orgy she predicted unfold)

“That’s what I’ve *been* talking about.”

Mike:

(arms raised in diplomatic agony)

“Can’t I just make you all cum and we forget about this?”

Silence.

The kind of silence where **everyone’s actually considering it.**

Kids (from corner):

“What does ‘blow Mike’ mean?”

Everyone:

“NOPE! OUT! KITCHEN! NOW!”

The kids are ushered away by someone in a latex nun outfit wielding a plate of mozzarella sticks.

Meanwhile, the swing crowd—having now accepted they're in Act III of a live sex-farce family opera—gathers around like villagers waiting to see if the volcano will finally erupt.

Babysitter (cheerful):

“So... should I kneel, or are we going to keep yelling?”

Cousin's Husband:

(to himself, quietly)

“...I really thought I was the villain here.”

Cousin:

(screaming into the void)

“I *fucking* knew I should've become a nun.”

(turning slowly to her husband, eyes blazing like a Shakespearean banshee)

“Anyway, I faked. I faked *all the time*. And no, it's *not* that big. It didn't hurt. You can go and boil your bottom, son of a *silly person*!”

Everybody:

(frozen, somewhere between gasping and standing ovation)

“...”

Cousin:

(rant now lifting off into orbit)

“I don't want to talk to you no more, you empty-headed *animal food trough wiper*!”

Swing party bartender (quietly):

“Did she just quote Monty Python?”

Cousin:

(now possessed by the holy spirit of 1970s British absurdism)

“I fart in your general direction!”

(points dramatically, one tit still out)

“Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries!”

Her:

(sipping prosecco)

“...That escalated to medieval French faster than I expected.”

Mike:

(to the babysitter)

“...Should we still do the blowjob or...?”

Cousin’s Husband:

(deflated, confused, possibly aroused)

“I just wanted to swing...”

Mike (with sudden clarity):

“Cheer up. You know what they say...”

“Some things in life are bad

They can really make you mad

Other things just make you swear and curse...”

As he sings, a soft kazoo picks up.
Someone finds a tambourine.
A man in bondage gear plays a triangle with one
nipple.

**“When you're chewing on life's gristle,
Don't grumble, give a whistle,
And this'll help things turn out for the best...”**

And...

♪ Always look on the bright side of life ♪
*(whistling echoes from the sex dungeon, eerily in
tune)*

♪ Always look on the light side of life ♪
*(more whistling, from someone still wearing a ball
gag—miraculous)*

The cousin wipes cum from her chin, links arms with
her husband.
The babysitter grabs the kids.
The entire swing party, arm in arm, towels barely
hanging on, begins a slow, awkward kick-line.

**“If life seems jolly rotten,
There's something you've forgotten,
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and
sing...”**

Someone hoists Mike onto a sex bench like it's the barricade from *Les Misérables*.

He grins like a man reborn.

The cousin throws her vibrator in the air like a graduation cap.

♪ Always look on the bright side of life... ♪

♪ Doo doo, doo-doo doo-doo doo-doo... ♪

The kids.

KID 1:

(hands in pockets, cheerfully to his mum, who's still covered in spiritual and actual fluids)

"Come on, Mum. Cheer up."

EVERYONE:

♪ Always look on the bright side of life! ♪

(whistling, now accompanied by a man playing spoons on his own ass)

KID 2:

(sipping juice box, shrugging)

"Worse things happen at sea, you know."

EVERYONE:

♪ Always look on the bright side of life! ♪

KID 1:

(philosophical now, gesturing broadly with tragic

British cheer)

“I mean, what you got to lose? You know, you come from *nothing*.”

EVERYONE:

(sharp whistling—now choreographed)

KID 2:

“You’re going *back* to nothing. What have you lost?”

(beat)

“Nothing!”

EVERYONE:

🎵 *Always look on the bright side of life!* 🎵

KID 3:

(grinning, finger wagging like a mini Sartre in Crocs)

“Nothing will come from nothing. You know what they say?”

EVERYONE:

🎵 *Always look on the bright side of life!* 🎵

ALL KIDS:

“Cheer up, you old bugger. Come on. Give us a grin.”

(beat. Mother smiles)

“There you are. See?”

EVERYONE:

(as the camera pulls back, the swing club in full musical finale)

♪ Always look on the bright side of life! ♪
(whistling continues, fading into the sound of a Gatorade bottle being unscrewed one last time)

THE END

AFTER CREDITS SCENE

(Black screen. Silence. Then... the sound of sloppy brushstrokes.)

[EXT. THE BACK WALL OF THE SWING CLUB – NIGHT]

The **cousin**, now wearing a toga over last night's shame, is angrily painting in large, aggressive red letters:

“NUTRIXES EUNT DOMUS”

She's panting, furious, muttering to herself:

“Let *them* take the kids now. Let *them* explain Gatorade and guilt.”

Suddenly—

MIKE appears from the shadows, one hand behind his back, cocked head, very unimpressed.

MIKE:

(sternly)

“What’s this, then? ‘Nutrixes Eunt Domus’?

‘People called nannies they go the house’?”

(he squints)

“That supposed to be Latin?”

COUSIN:

(guilty, flustered)

“It—it says, ‘Nannies, go home.’”

MIKE:

(sighs)

“No, it doesn’t. What’s Latin for ‘nanny’? Come on!”

COUSIN:

(panicking)

“Aah!”

MIKE:

“Come on!”

COUSIN:

“N—Nutrix?”

MIKE:

“Goes like...?”

COUSIN:

“...ix?”

MIKE:

“Vocative plural of ‘ix’ is...?”

COUSIN:

“Cēs?”

MIKE:

(disgusted sigh)

“‘Nutricēs.’ ‘Eunt’? What is ‘eunt’?”

COUSIN:

“‘Go.’ Let—”

MIKE:

“Conjugate the verb ‘to go’.”

COUSIN:

(sweating)

“Uh. ‘Ire’. Uh, ‘eo’. ‘Is’. ‘It’. ‘Imus’. ‘Itis’. ‘Eunt’.”

MIKE:

“So ‘eunt’ is...?”

COUSIN:

“Third person plural, present indicative! ‘They go’.”

MIKE:

“But ‘Nannies, go home’ is an *order*, so you must use the...?”

COUSIN:

(near tears)

“The imperative!”

MIKE:

“Which is...?”

COUSIN:

“Umm... ‘I’. ‘I’! Plural—‘ite’! ‘ITE!’”

MIKE:

“Good. ‘Domus’?”

COUSIN:

“Nominative?”

MIKE:

(death glare)

“‘Go home’ implies motion *towards*, doesn’t it, madam?”

COUSIN:

“Dative, sir! No! Not dative! *NOT THE DATIVE*, SIR!”

(drops brush)

“The accusative! ‘Domum’! ‘Ad domum’!

Oooohhh!”

MIKE:

“Except that ‘domus’ takes the...?”

COUSIN:

(collapsing onto knees)

“LOCATIVE! Domum! O gods above and below, it’s domum! Aaah!”

MIKE:

(leans in)

“Understand?”

COUSIN:

“Yes, sir...”

MIKE:

(calmly, hand still behind back)

“Now write it out a hundred times...”

MIKE:

“Properly.”

*(She starts graffiti’ng: **Nutricēs ite domum**)*

(Fade to black. One final whistle echoes.)

🎵 *Always look on the bright side of life...* 🎵

AFTER CREDITS SCENE 2

(Low-lit room. Piles of used latex. Jazz saxophone wheezing in the background. A semi-circle of exhausted, emotionally unstable ORGY GOERS sip from Solo cups and silently contemplate the end of civilization.)

ORGY GOER 1, MAN:

(still pantless, but suddenly full of conviction)

“Women have a perfect right to fuck a man’s ass with a strap-on in an orgy.”

ORGY GOER 3:

(lighting a cigarette with a used glow stick)

“Why are you always on about women?”

ORGY GOER 1:

(sits up proudly)

“I want to be one.”

ORGY GOER 2:

(choking on lube-spiked Gatorade)

“What?”

ORGY GOER 1:

(firmly)

“I want to be a woman. From now on, I want you all to call me... *Loretta*.”

ORGY GOER 2:

(eyes wide)

“*What?!*”

LORETTA:

(gesturing vaguely at a pile of strap-ons)

“It’s my *right* as a man.”

ORGY GOER 4:

(softly, like a stoned Plato)

“Well... why do you want to be Loretta, Loretta?”

LORETTA:

(teary-eyed, hand on their chest)

“I want to have *babies*.”

ORGY GOER 2:

(whiplash tone, pointing at Loretta’s groin with incredulity)

“You want to have *babies*?!”

LORETTA:

(nodding vigorously)

“It’s every man’s right to have babies if he wants them!”

ORGY GOER 2:

(trying to remain calm while covered in unknown substances)

“But... you *can’t* have babies.”

LORETTA:

(offended)

“Don’t you *oppress* me.”

ORGY GOER 2:

“I’m not *oppressing* you, Loretta. You haven’t got a *womb*! Where’s the fetus going to *gestate*?!”

(yelling now)

"You going to keep it in a *box*?!"

(LORETTA begins sobbing. Someone starts gently stroking a rainbow-colored dildo in solidarity.)

[ON SCREEN – WHITE TEXT, BLACK BACKGROUND]

"This movie identifies as these/those."

CUT TO BLACK.

Then one final, defiant whistle.

🎵 *Always look on the bright side of life...* 🎵
(fade out)

Jesus Christ, Not Nobody is a depraved hymn to the half-hard gods of middle age, where erections are rarer than good jazz, and orgasms—when achieved—require ergonomic sacrifice and possibly electrolytes.

Meet Mike: ex-lover, ex-hopeful, ex-hydrated. A man who just wanted a drinking buddy and ended up a reluctant messiah of oral technique and pelvic perseverance. In a world where brunchers have replaced barflies and strap-ons come with personality disorders, Mike drinks good Carménère, listens to Ellington, and politely fingers his way into legend.

This is not a love story. It's a lust opera, performed in G minor, with a chorus line of porn stars, ex-secretaries, dominatrixes, and tragically sincere Gatorade bottles. It is the Gospel of the Lost Orgasm, told with prose that thrusts, licks, and laughs until your cheeks—face and otherwise—hurt.

From the author of *By All Means – Plenty of Whatnottery* comes a new gospel for the unredeemable. Shamelessly obscene. Morally catastrophic. Hysterically accurate.

Read it if you're brave. Quote it if you're foolish. Come to it if you can.